

T H E
MATRIMONIAL MUSEUM;

O R,
MERITORIOUS MONITOR.

By BRIAN BENDO.

The Horse endeavours to avoid the chain;
The Bullock strives to shun the yoke in vain;
The Ass from heavy burdens doth recoil;
But Man runs headlong to fatigue and toil!

NEWCASTLE:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

M.DCC.LXXIX.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

NOTES



NEWCASTLE

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M.DCCC.LXIII.

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Thos Blackader
his hand and pen

INTRODUCTION.

AS the exhibition of the following Occurrence, is entirely intended to prevent the *inconsiderate* from entering into the matrimonial state, till they attain a competent knowledge of the *interior perfections* of the *Fair-sex*; and a just description of the *woes* of *Wedlock*; I flatter myself, the disinterestedness of the publication will sufficiently apologize my conduct to the impartial part of mankind.

EVERY person, endued with rationality, must acknowledge, that it is repugnant to reason, for a man to hazard his substance for the sake of a long continued (though ludicrous) *custom*, unless some peculiar prospect of advantage accrue
from

From the adventure should it succeed ;
 except his condition is such, that he cannot be worse if the attempt prove successful ; for which reason it is necessary, that my *dear reader* should cautiously consider, and carefully compare his present situation, and the pleasing comforts of *Celibacy*, with the melancholy miseries of *Matrimony*.

If thou art rich what wouldst thou wish for more ;

But to enjoy in quietude thy store.

If poor thou art, what can thou think to find
 When ty'd—but troubles of a harsher kind.

MARRIAGE is certainly the greatest absurdity that ever stimulated the breast of man ; for what can the *indigent* expect from such a periculouſ undertaking, when it has ſo often involved the *opulent* into inexpugnable ruin ; and what can the expectation of the *hoary head* be, when the *vigour of youth* and *manhood* is ſo frequently ſubverted, by the *dangerous junction*.

In

In vain the *dotard* strives for to appease,
The *sordid freaks* that *youngsters* cannot please !

THE disasters that arise from a *Hymenial*
enterprize extend, with equal dissonance,
to both *mammonist* and *prodigal*.

When *Misers* marry, then their comforts die ;
Their *Wives* soon spend what they have
hoarded by.

The man who's spent his fortune with his vice,
If he's not wed, he's still in Paradise.

PERMIT me, in the next place, to
elucidate a speculation of the motive for
which *Woman* was created, and her repug-
nancy to the sacred design ; then let the
Impartial determine how far *Wedlock* is
requisite to the *welfare* of man.

WOMAN ! was form'd to aid and succour man !
To share his suff'ring—mitigate his grief—
Suppress his sorrows, and allay his woes :
To ease the burden, and support the load
Of pond'rous toils, and to partake of all
The soothing smiles, or fearless frowns of
Fortune !

But

But she's a stranger to benevolence !
Blind in affliction—deaf to ev'ry plaint !—
Void of pity, mercy and compassion :—
In short, she wastes his wealth—augments his
want,
And heaps fresh grief, on agonizing pain !

It is needless to mention every *disast-*
rous misfortune that my *experience* could
enumerate, relative *Wedlock* ; therefore, I
ardently desire my *unmarried reader* would
diligently ponder my *unhappy union* ; and
the dolorous *Epistle* which I received from
my *once happy* (though *now miserable*)
friend *Sir William Weary* (a few weeks
before the *death* of my *wife*) whose condi-
tion at this time is not less deplorable,
than what mine lately was.

THE
MATRIMONIAL MUSEUM;
OR,
MERITORIOUS MONITOR.

WOMAN! base woman! is endow'd with
all

The seduction, that man can wicked call;
She is possess'd of all the charms that can,
Seduce the mind of weak, unthinking man:
By her curst wiles, and base alluring schemes,
I was deluded,—led astray by dreams;
Into a wild of meritricious blifs;
Where there's delusion—but no happiness,
Nothing on earth could ever me delude,
Until I felt the strength of pulchritude;
Whose potent pow'r and arbitrary sway,
Make contumacious monarchs to obey.
When first I saw the author of my woe,
My foolish bosom with true love did glow;

A

No

No peace, nor quiet, could compose my mind,
 Unless the nymph would promise to be kind;
 Nor sleep, nor slumber, ease my ardent breast,
 So with her charms I hourly was distressed.
 For a few weeks I languished with love,
 Oft try'd to hide it, but in vain I strove!
 Whene'er I saw the damn'd deluder's face,
 I was bewitched with each striking grace;
 Yet durst not tell how much I was in love,
 For fear she should my passion disapprove:
 At last, when I no comfort could enjoy
 Without her love—my pen I did employ.
 So to the fair one I this letter sent,
 Hoping she would relieve my discontent.

The L E T T E R

“ SINCE I your dear engaging face did see,
 And lovely form, which has enamour'd me;
 The God of love has pierc'd my youthful breast,
 And I'm constrain'd to make the flame confess;
 My tender bosom is with love betray'd,
 And you're the charmer that must grant me aid.
 But ah! alas! my captivated breast,
 And innate torments cannot be express'd.

My

My wakeful hours in misery are spent,
 For all the day I languish and lament ;
 No ease for me until the night return,
 When I with more than common ardour burn.
 In rapt'rous dreams I see thy features fair,
 And ev'ry charm thrice worthy of my care ;
 Sometimes methinks I'm favour'd with the bliss
 Of mild compliance, and a kindly kiss :
 But soon ! ah ! soon, that dear transporting joy
 Unreal proves—for quickly you turn coy.
 In anguish then I'm forc'd to leave my bed,
 The fatal place where my late pleasures fled ;
 Stun'd with affection, and ten thousand fears,
 I leave my pillow wet with mournful tears :
 Then to the woods and silent shades I rove,
 Pond'ring on her I must for ever love.
 Hard by a purling rill where poplars grow,
 I lie me down, thinking to ease my woe ;
 The little brook sad mutterings express,
 Its murm'ring seems to pity my distress :
 It seems to grieve, and all my sorrows share,
 But all in vain, I must the burden bear.
 The feather'd songsters strain their vocal throats,
 And strive to charm me with their joyful notes :
 But still there's nought within this lonely place,
 That can my melancholy mind solace.

At

At noon I daily to my garden go,
Hoping its dainties will divert my woe;
Altho' no joy nor comfort can I find,
Nor peace nor pleasure to transport my mind,
Nor ought to glad my langour can I see,
Since she's absent, that can give life to me.
Opprest with pain, more than I well can bear,
Unto my bed I then again repair;
But there I am reminded of my woes,
The pillow's wet—as when from it I rose!
In deep distress I languish as before,
'Till *Somnus* does his favours past restore;
Then from my sleep, the wish'd for joys arise,
Morpheus presents you to my watry eyes;
With face more fair—more lovely all thy charms,
With extasy I hug thee in my arms:
Oftimes you frown and chide me with disdain,
But then I kiss, 'till you are kind again.
Last night, methought, we walk'd, join'd hand
in hand,

As if we had been link'd with *Hymen's* band ;
We trudg'd together through the verdent fields,
To taste the pleasures that fair *Floro* yields.
From thence unto a neighb'ring plain we stray'd,
Where little lambkins by their mothers play'd :
The

The rural shepherd we at last espy'd,
With his fair shepherdess close by his side ;
On oaten pipes he tun'd his lover's praise,
And she repaid him with her vocal lays :
With great delight, we slowly march'd along,
To yon green grove, to hear the winged throng,
There we with rapture saw each pliant spray,
Hang pendent with the black-bird's lofty lay :
The thrush uneasy for its absent mate,
Made distant vales with love reverberate ;
A cogent emblem of thy lover's fate !
For in like manner, I'm resolv'd to prove,
When absent grieve—when present, press my
love !

To soothe the fancy, we sat down hard by
A placid rill, thinking no danger nigh:
Fatigu'd with pleasure, we fell fast asleep,
But ah! *Fortuna* plung'd you in the deep!
The dreadful terror, at the woful sight,
Banish'd my dream, and all the dear delight;
Yer oh! how happy was the awful fear,
To find it false—and she alive so dear!
Heartless, I lay awhile, involv'd in pain,
'Till pleasing slumbers clos'd my eyes again!
Into the chamber, where I sleeping lay,
Methought fair *Venus* came in rich array;
I view'd

I view'd her face, and ey'd her lovely mein,
 Observ'd her looks, and all that could be seen;
 On her I gaz'd, then turn'd the *Goddeſs* round,
 But no ſuch charms as yours, in her I found!
 She diſappear'd, and *Cupid* quickly came,
 Who promis'd me, that he would you inflame;
 And from his quiver ſend a pointed dart,
 Pow'rful to pierce the moſt obdurate heart;
 When this he'd ſaid, he from my preſence went,
 Left me emotions mingled with content;
 Thinking that he would your ſoft boſom fire,
 With the like flame, that he did mine inſpire!
 Then preſently my fair one did appear,
 With features fairer—ev'ry charm more dear!
 With ſpeed I roſe, and drefs'd myſelf in haſte,
 And my beloved eagerly embrac'd.
 The time I ſlept, in love we did employ,
 Nought did my bliſs, or happineſs annoy;
 'Till cruel *Somnus* roused me from reſt,
 And vaniſh'd her, whom I ſo lately preſt.
 Content I'd been for ever their to ſleep,
 And in my arms the charming creature keep!
 Oh! hapleſs me! ſhould ſome ſucceſſful ſwain,
 Sue for the favour I wiſh to obtain;
 If it be ſo, how hopeleſs is my caſe,
 I ſtill muſt love that fair angelic face;

When

When it I saw, my ardent passions swore,
 That kind or coy, they still must her adore !
 My falt'ring tongue cannot my grief relate,
 My woes are num'rous, and my sorrows great ;
 My torments heavy, that I scarce can move,
 Beneath the burden of excessive love !
 My pains are many, and my joys but few,
 And all my ills originate in you !
 Pardon my pen—commiserate my grief,
 Read with compassion, and resend relief ;
 For your reply, I with impatience pine,
 Oh ! ease this plaint !—this love-sick plaint of
 mine !”

The A N S W E R.

“ YOUR long epistle I receiv'd last night,
 And *gratitude* (not *love*) has made me write ;
 Kind caution bids my hasty pen beware,
 For men delight young women to ensnare ;
 They fawn, they flatter, and falsely pretend,
 What they ne'er think, to make us condescend ;
 They coax, cajole, and sophistry relate,
 'Till our unthinking hearts they captivate.
 We, *simple* women, strangers to such shame,
 Believe their plaint, and base fallacious flame ;
Then

Then, to our grief, and fatal sorrow, find,
That they turn cruel, when they should prove
kind!

Could we perceive their cunning and deceit,
Before we're ruin'd, we might shun the cheat:
But ah! their wiles are cover'd thick with art,
And ne'er detected 'till we feel the smart!

The Fair's, alas! too prone for to believe
The stratagems, with which you us deceive;
For I must own, this warm address of thine,
Has made me muse with rapture ev'ry line:

Yet cannot tell whether 'tis false or true,
The sense is hid, from every one but you!

If I'd been false, or ever man deceiv'd,
I had not half so well these lines believ'd;

But fraud's a stranger to an *honest* mind,
And what I practice I expect to find;

Deceit has ne'er my conduct yet disgrac'd,
Nor misbehaviour render'd me *unchaste*;

Yet no such charms I'm confident you see,
As your epistle has convey'd to me;

The charms you mention cannot make me vain,
Your feign'd expressions I with *scorn* disdain!

Be still! my pen! let me that word remove,
Perhaps they spring from the fountain of love.

Then

Then how ungrateful would *disdain* appear,
 To him, alas ! from her he loves so dear !
 What can I say to ease your love-sick state ?
 I'm disengag'd—there's none to emulate !
 If you're sincere, I pity your distress ;
 And will endeavour—to make it the less ! ”

As soon as I her curst epistle read,
 My love increas'd—my sorrows somewhat fled :
 Upon the letter I with ardor mus'd,
 Still lov'd her more—the longer I perus'd.
 Without delay I to the *charmer* went,
 Altho' my tongue could scarce rehearse my
 plaint ;
 With tears I su'd, with sobs and sighs I whin'd,
 And panting prayed that she would be kind ;
 Too kind, alas ! the fair one quickly prov'd,
 Allay'd my dread, and future fears remov'd !
 Her features fair, dim'd, and eclips'd my sight,
 Thrill'd thro' my soul, and ravish'd with delight !
 Her eyes—her eyes—her rolling eyes did dart,
 A thousand charms to captivate my heart ;
 Her lilly'd cheeks enamel'd with the rose,
 Display'd fresh lustre round her rising nose ;
 Her rubid lips, fraught with nectarine blifs,
 Ravish'd my soul, whene'er I took a kiss ;

C

Her

Her dimpled chin improv'd each comely grace,
 That did adorn and decorate her face;
 Her neck! her breast! (I scarce can name her
 waist)

Were with attracting charms compleatly grac'd;
 Whene'er her bosom throb'd, each beating
 breath,

Rais'd up to life, what was sunk down to death.

Erato did the dear attractor bless,

With all the parts of a fine poetess;

To these engagements *Fortune* kind did prove;

And join'd a motive to excite my love;

The charming creature whom I did adore,

Enjoy'd abundance of alluring ore;

By these attractions I at last was led,

To act the fool, and the deluder wed!

At seventeen I was with love oppress'd,

A flame too hot, to touch a youngster's breast;

The blaze increas'd, and fiercer still did grow,

Until it wrought my fatal overthrow!

Twelvemonths I woo'd ere her consent I got,

For to be ty'd, with the Hymenial knot:

But curse that gulf of grief, a marriage bed,

In it my freedom, and her beauty fled:

Beauty soon lost its bright effulgent hue,

That *did* my sense subvert, my soul subdue;

'Twas

'Twas it that caus'd me first to change my life,
 And sacrifice my freedom, for a *wife* !
 Oh ! could my fury blast it with disdain,
 It never should bewitch mankind again ;
 What's all its pomp ? nought but a flimsy skin,
 A worthless mask, to screen the Devil in !
 After man's wed, it soon begins to fade,
 The imp appears ! and he's at once betray'd !
 His comfort's banish'd, and his pleasure's done,
 Whereas his sorrow is but just begun !
 Ah ! thoughtless me ! too late I feel the sense,
 Of former wealth, and wonted competence !
 Before I was in wretched *wedlock* pent,
 Fearless I rovd, enraptur'd with content ;
 Whate'er my passions wish'd for to enjoy,
 Nought could my fancy, nor my mind annoy ;
 I never curb'd my humour from delight,
 Nor check'd desire in a pleasing plight ;
 I ne'er implor'd a smile from opulence,
 But strove to shun the frowns of indigence ;
 For he whose converse most attracted me,
 Without respect, I bore him company !
 I did possess great store of worldly wealth,
 Enjoy'd contentment, vigour, youth and health,
 Nay all the pleasures that have pow'r to please,
 To charm the soul, and keep the mind at ease ;

Refresh the body, or regale the breast ;
 Fate never frown'd—fruition made me blest !
 But ah ! those joys ! too soon I did resign,
 Too late, alas ! at folly I repine.
 I was eighteen, and she just thirty-three,
 When pain began, and pleasure fled from me ;
 And ever since, I've been depress'd with grief,
 Lock'd fast in bondage where there's no relief ;
 At twenty-five I found my youth decay,
 My colour blasted, and my locks turn grey ;
 Ere I was thirty, bald and bare my head,
 My strength deprav'd, and vitals almost dead ;
 My courage wasted, and my vigour spent,
 My fortune gone—and all kind heaven lent !
 Yet still compell'd for to support her pride,
 And wanton whims, which needs must be sup-
 ply'd ;
 My weary'd arms, weak hands, and feeble knees,
 Were all employ'd to keep the jilt at ease ;
 Her vile illicit race likewise maintain,
 Or else be doom'd to suffer her disdain.
 Husband ! dull drudge ! and worst nick-name of
 man,
 A vanquish'd vassal by the brawling clan,
 Whoe'er thou be, thou may thy state deplore,
 Thou's sold thy freedom for a common whore ;
'Tis

'Tis better far to lead a single life,
 Than be harrafs'd with that curst plague, a wife,
 For should the jade a blund'ring fault commit,
 She'll straightways act a worse to cover it,
 Or else she'll boast and tell you to your face,
 She'll did again, and think it no disgrace!
 Man never should with the false female join,
 'Till he's lost all, both credit, stock, and coin;
 With other ills she can but mortify,
If she's unkind, in cold adversity;
 But *if* in poverty she yield relief,
When he grows rich, she'll extirpate his grief;
 But ah! alas! too few there are that thrives,
 After they're wedded—*to the best of wives!*
 When day appear'd, as soon as light came in,
 She quickly did her morning song begin;
 With mean submission, I made haste away,
 To bear the heat, fatigue and toils of day
 Tir'd and weary I came home at night,
 And silent sat—for fear the bawd should fight;
 And to prevent the wrath of female dread,
 Feign'd myself sick—went supperless to bed!
 Twice ev'ry week I was confin'd at home,
 To rock the cradle when she pleas'd to roam;

Yet

Yet had the strumpet ever seemed kind,
 These ills, and worse, should ne'er have griev'd
 my mind!

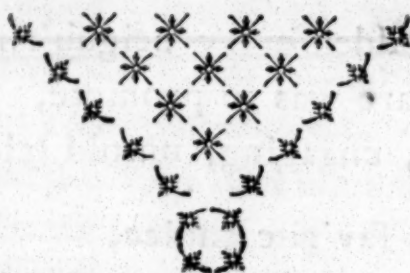
Had she her wicked course from me conceal'd!
 And not her lewdness to my face reveal'd!
 Or had she cloak'd her baseness with deceit,
 And in my hearing, not these wrongs repeat;
 Content I'd been to suffer the disgrace,
 And labour hard for her unlawful race!
 To see my landlord, and my wife's first born,
 You'd swear like features do each face adorn!
 The second's swarthy, and not quite so fair,
 A lively picture of the tawny heir!
 The third brat's of a sordid meaner race,
 He has each feature in the footman's face!
 The obscene offspring all appear to be
 Like *this* or *that* —but never one like me!
 I was dependant at my wife's command,
 Without her leave I durst not lift a hand;
 When I was confident she was unkind,
 Durst not reprove, nor yet speak half my mind
 Nor one cross word, lest I should her disgust,
 But quell her passion, by allaying lust.
 And still I labour'd, toil'd, took pains all day,
 While she, the headstrong tyrant, bore the sway,
 My

My constant care was my *dear* wife to please,
 And only wish, her passions to appease,
 But, after I my freedom threw away,
 I never had a comfortable day!
 Full twenty years I bore those heavy chains,
 The burden irksome, and severe the pains,
 The last fifteen, in peace, I seldom slept,
 But, Peter like, in pensive sorrow wept :
 Tho' Death, at last, has heard my humble suit,
 Approv'd of pray'r, and struck the tyrant mute.
 My dreadful fetters I'll henceforth disdain,
 For I'm unyok'd—never to yoke again.
 Since Death has eas'd me of my woeful plaint,
 Unty'd the bands, and freed me from restraint,
 My time in pleasure, and delight I'll spend,
 I've none to chide, reprove, nor reprehend ;
 Walk where I list, return whene'er I please,
 Enjoy my bottle, and my friend at ease ;
 The world's revers'd, and I'm again set free,
 Oh ! happy change ! thrice welcome liberty !
 There's no restraint my passions to subdue,
 I'll give them scope, lost joys for to renew.
 Now I'm possess'd of all the charms that can
 Complete my comfort, and enrapture man !

A blushing hue adorns my palid cheeks,
 Which was not blanch'd by age, but *woman's*
freaks ;
 Intrepid courage, with new vigour burns,
 My strength recovers, and manhood returns ;
 And all my passions that have long been cloy'd,
 Are come afresh which *wedlock* once destroy'd,
 Relentless hour ! that sleep clos'd Adams eyes,
 To form a fiend, to prostitute the wife ;
 For harlots base, endeavour night and day,
 To make poor thoughtless mortals go astray ;
 Ah ! cruel sleep ! why did thou thus ensnare
 Mankind at first, to form the treach'rous fair !
 Without thy art and cunning subtle aid,
 Perhaps vile woman, never had been made !
 As soon as *Eve* did taste the fatal tree,
 That made th' immortal feel mortality ;
 Us'd cursed wiles her husband to trepan,
 And turn'd the sinless, to a sinful man !
 And ever since, her damn'd dissembling race,
 Has brought mankind to sorrow and disgrace !
 Unhappy he ! who by such fools is led,
 For he is wretched, that's most happy wed !
 After the knot is ty'd perhaps she may,
 For a few days his strictest laws obey ;

But

But if her filthy lust he can't maintain,
 She'll turn her kindness into sad disdain!
 Can man pretend with water to supply,
 An empty vessel, at the fount that's dry?
 If so, then he with equal ease may bind;
 Ungrateful woman! to be just and kind!
 What pow'rful notion could prevail with man,
 To join himself with such a clam'rous clan?
 For he that's wed is weary'd ever thus!
 From hell on earth, *good Lord deliver us!*



THE
THRUSH,
A FABLE.

An EMBLEM of a WISE WIDOWER.

A Chearful thrush, whose thrilling throat,
Did gladden ev'ry neighb'ring vale ;
Its constant care was to promote,
Some new, engaging, untold tale.

A lofty fir its fav'rite choice,
Whereon he oft did sit and sing ;
There strain'd its dear attracting voice,
And made adjacent vallies ring.

Ere Sol arose it perch'd the tree—
With songs rebuk'd the sleepy swain ;
It's pleasing notes and soothing glee,
Call'd forth the plodder to the plain.

It



THE THRUSH A FABLE

It seldom ceas'd all the day long,
 It scarce took time to search for food ;
 Anxious it seem'd to charm the throng,
 And fellow songsters of the wood.

When day-light left the western skies,
 A while its songs in silence lay ;
 But presently from sleep did rise,
 And chid the slow approach of day.

But ah ! alas ! a captious clown,
 (One of the rude wood-monger gang)
 Purchas'd the tree, and cut it down,
 On which the little warbler sang.

Near to the place where the tree stood,
 There flourished a hawthorn bush ;
 No other shrub in all the wood,
 Like this one could engage the Thrush.

For a few days it grac'd the thorn,
 And hopt about from spray to spray ;
 But not so late, nor soon at morn,
 Nor half so lively was its lay.

But ere the charmer was aware,
 A ruthless swain that way did roam ;
 Unseen by it—he laid a snare,
 Catch'd it, and took the captive home.

He, in a cage, the capture put,
 Who ne'er before had known restraint ;
 'Twas close confin'd—the door was shut,
 And from the prison pour'd its plaint.

It got full share of every thing,
 The richest dainties in the house ;
 Yet it would neither chirp nor sing,
 But strove in vain for to get loose.

It knew right well that it was fast,
 (Which made it oft in langour sit)
 And that all former joys were past,
 Unless kind *Fortune* favour'd it.

At length the *Goddeſs* deign'd to fawn,
 And left unclos'd the prison door ;
 The Thrush flew straight unto the lawn,
 But never perch'd on the *thorn* more.

With all its wonted freedom blest,
 It sang both late and soon at morn ;
 But ne'er allow'd its cautious crest,
 To light or roost upon the thorn.

The APPLICATION.

A thousand snares false women lay,
 To lead the minds of men astray :
 And frequently their wiles trepan
 The wise, sagacious, prudent man :
 But if he's once catch'd in the snare,
 And freed, he'll never more come there ;
 For he can never happy be,
 When he's bereft of liberty.
 So he that doth his freedom prize,
 Must *wives* and *wedlock* both despise.

The REMARK.

THE prudent man will cautious be,
 And strive the fatal place to flee,
 Where he was wont to grieve ;—
 For, if he e'er return again,
 Within the trap he should remain,
 'Till death grant a reprieve.

THE
C U B,
A F A B L E.

An EMBLEM of a thoughtless YOUTH.

AS Reynard was in quest of prey,
A hen-roost he by hap did spy ;
But being far too soon that day,
The cunning cub pass'd heedless by.

Yet vow'd he wou'd return at night,
When darkness favour'd his design ;
The poultry put him in a plight,
To think how rarely he would dine.

He kept his word, and came again,
And found the lodge with chickens stor'd ;
He took the best—and o'er the plain,
There fed and feasted like a lord.

The

The turkies presently grew less,
 The crowing capon was quite gone ;
 The cackling hens did fast decrease,
 And of the chickens he'd left none.

But mark ! what sudden sad mishap
 Befel the cub—the thief they watch'd ;
 And for the traitor set a trap,
 Wherewith they quickly reynard catch'd.

The animal did see the snare,
 But appetite so loud did cry,
 That rather than he'd lose such fare,
 He'd run the fatal risk to die !

Long time within a wooden box,
 The discontented pris'ner lay ;
 And often thought upon the rocks,
 Where he was wont to feed and play.

What griev'd him more, he sometimes saw
 The rustics eat a fav'rite duck ;
 Which so provok'd his craving maw,
 That he in private curst his luck.

But what increas'd his pain still more,
 And griev'd his melancholy mind,
 He saw the chicks feed on the floor,
 And him to sad restraint destin'd.

Long

Long in this posture he did lie,
 And hunger all the while sustain ;
 'Till welcome Death came passing by,
 And broke the weary irksome chain.

The APPLICATION.

Too many see the consequence,
 And woes that do attend
 Wedlock ; but, being void of sense,
 Run headlong to their end.

If to his bed she proves untrue,
 He dare not frown nor chide ?
 Nor yet reprove the servile shrew,
 For well he knows he's ty'd.

What still augments his penile pain,
 And grieves his troubled mind ;
 He sees the girls grin with disdain
 (At him) who once were kind.

There's nothing can allay his grief,
 Or mitigate his strife ;
 'Till tardy Death grant him relief,
 And takes him—or his wife.

The R E M A R K.

Unthinking fools that doth a fire see,
 Before their eyes, and run into the same ;
 Can they expect to be from burning free ?
 No ; they must feel the fury of the flame.



THE
C O V E Y,
A F A B L E.

An EMBLEM of MANKIND in GENERAL.

I N winter when cold frost and snow,
Whiten'd the verdure of the plain ;
And storms did threaten instant woe,
To ev'ry hardy shepherd swain.

A cruel, harsh, but happy hind,
Within the barn stood warm and dry ;
Altho' to thrash he was confin'd,
He scarce knew that the storms were nigh.

This clown within the stack-garth set
A snare—the hungry to beguile ;
A covey soon flew to the net,
Expecting succour from the wile.

The

The undiscerning birds did not
 Perceive—or think of the deceit ;
 'Till they were caught fast in the plot,
 Then, to their grief, they found the cheat.

Their wings, with fluttering up and down,
 From present death did set them free ;
 For, ere the rude relentless clown
 Saw them, they were at liberty.

The covey quickly flew away,
 And left the disappointed hind,
 To mourn the absence of his prey,
 And grieve because they'd been confin'd.

The wary sort took prudent care,
 And never did return again :
 Rather than be twice in the snare,
 They'd die with hunger on the plain.

But the unwary, heedless kind,
 Their late restraint did disregard ;
 To care and caution they were blind,
 So straight flew back unto the yard.

At first they stood aloof, for fear
 That they should be ensnar'd again ;
 But hunger tempt them to draw near,
 And taste the rustic's fatal grain.

The fate they fear'd soon came to pass;
That very moment they flew in,
They were trepan'd, and held, alas !
Until the clown came to the gin.

He took the pris'ners from the snare,
And them within a cage confin'd ;
Where they were doom'd to dark despair,
'Till death releas'd them from the hind.

The APPLICATION.

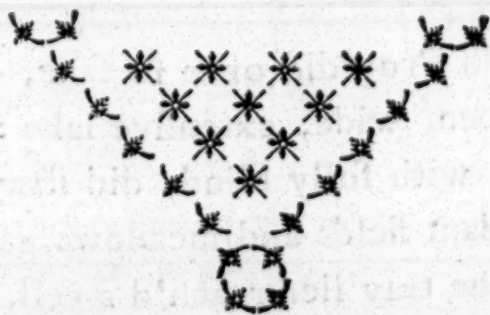
False hopes have oft tempt men to stray,
Where they ne'er thought to go !
And led them from a happy way,
To *wedlock*, full of woe !

If Death should take a wife-man's wife,
And break the ruggid chain ;
He'll bid adieu to toil and strife,
And never wed again !

But the insipid, simple sot,
(A foreigner to mirth)
He's often ty'd twice with the *knot*,
To form a hell on earth.

The R E M A R K.

If criminals in prison lie,
And for their crimes deserve to die,
But by the judge set free ;
If they the like offence commit,
After they're freed, it is but fit
That they should hanged be.



T H E
D E E P W E L L,
A F A B L E.

An EMBLEM of WEDLOCK.

A Foolish Frog did once forsake,
An open, wide, extensive lake :
The Frog, with folly blind, did stray,
Thro' verdant fields and meadows gay.
At length the trav'ler reach'd a cell,
Where nature made a standing well ;
Upon the verge the stranger stood,
And view'd from thence a neighb'ring wood ;
It gaz'd with rapture on the bow'rs,
And ey'd with transport pleasing flow'rs,

It

It felt with pleasure every thing,
 That did surround the lovely spring ;
 In extasy at last did cry,
 Contented here I'll live and die !
 What comfort now can mine excel,
 So straightway leapt into the well !
 But mark !—a scorching drought arose,
 Which mixt its happiness with woes ;
 The well dry'd up—the Frog was in,
 And then its sorrows did begin :
 There it did spend its days in pain,
 It never could get out again !

The APPLICATION.

Just like the Frog—unthinking man,
 Is by his passions led ;
 He roves about, and never can
 Be happy—'till he's wed.

In thraldom then his days are spent,
 With hunger toil and strife,
 Who never knew what mis'ry meant,
 Untill he got—a wife.

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The REMARK.

Men that have store (and wish for more)

And yet live discontent ;

'Tis just, I own, that fate should frown.

And waste, what *Fortune* sent.



THE
VORACIOUS RATS,
A FABLE.

An EMBLEM of WOMEN.

SOME rav'nous rats the other day,
Into a brew-house chanc'd to stray ;
From end to end—from side to side,
They rang'd the house, 'till they espy'd
The copper, and some grains therein ;
But knew not how the prize to win.
As they pondered on the brink,
On no way else the rats could think,
(How they the booty should obtain)
But to jump in, the prey to gain !
And hunger call'd so loud, that they
At last were forc'd for to obey.
So being on the plunder bent,
They all agreed—and in they went !

F

There

There fed and feasted for a while,
 But never dreamt upon the wile ;
 They skipt and scampered about,
 But never thought how they'd get out !
 At length the grains began to fail,
 Which made the forward rats bewail
 Their sad, unhappy, dismal case,
 And how they should escape the place !
 They try'd, and try'd, but all in vain,
 They in the boiler must remain ;
 When this they found their joys did cease,
 They never had a minute's peace.
 For if, by hap, the brewer but
 Touch'd the copper with his foot ;
 The captives soon began fresh frays.
 And thus in brawling spent their days.

The APPLICATION.

Women ! when marry'd, seldom think,
 How they their lives must lead ;
 For while the *plodder's* pockets chink,
 They never dream of need.

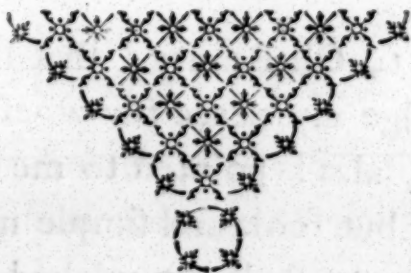
They gade about, and visits pay,
 'Till cash and credit's gone ;
 And when they've lavish'd all away,
 Man's misery comes on.

The

The R E M A R K.

The man that's wed, may think himself
Happy, while he has store of pelf ;

But when the marriage portion's spent,
He finds the cheat—his freedom's lost,
His pleasure's fled—his comfort's crost,
And he is doom'd to discontent !



THE
SEPARATION *from* SERVITUDE;
OR,
HEROIC ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

To BEAUTY.

FAREWEL, Oh Beauty ! that seduced me,
To pledge my peace for woeful misery ;
Thy charms, alas ! pointed to me the way,
Where none but fools and simple noddies stray ;
But never, never shall thy wicked wile
Lead me that road again, or me beguile.

To CUPID.

If ever more my breast thou make a butt,
Where thou'rt design'd in future for to shut ;
Oh !



Plate III



Separation from Servitude

Oh ! send thy arrow thrilling thro' my heart,
 Not for to wound, but kill me with the smart :
 For I had rather by thy bow be slain,
 (Or die the worst of deaths) than wed again !

To H Y M E N.

To thee that did my liberty subdue,
 (And ty'd me fast unto a letch'rous shrew)
 I bid defiance to thy heavy chain,
 And pond'rous yoke, that yok'd me first to pain !
 But the next time I at thy altar stand,
 Thou shalt not bind, but hang me with the band !

To A N T R O P O S.

Twenty long years I was in marriage chain'd,
 And much fatigue and trouble I sustain'd ;
 But thanks to thee, that cut the thread of life,
 Of my lewd, wayward, and ill-natur'd wife :
 If evermore I with a jilt combine,
 Upon the wedding day, thou shalt cut mine !

To W O M E N.

Farewel, ye idle, base, perfid'ous clan,
 Who was, and will be the downfall of man ;
 On

On you, I own, I *did* with rapture dote,
 But your delusions' turn'd both mind and coat.
 Hence ! hence ! ye strumpets, harlots, jilts,
 adieu,
 For, to my cost, I've seen too much of you !

To WEDLOCK.

Thou knows full well, that twenty years I spent,
 Bound with thy bandage fast to discontent ;
 But all these dreadful days and nights are o'er,
 Thy noxious bands shall ne'er confine me more !
 If thoughtless pupils disregard their book,
 Their tutor should the first fault overlook ;
 And the next offence that the boys commit,
 Feel the ferula, if their guide thinks fit ;
 But whether wilful, or thro' some neglect,
 They thus go on, the master must correct :
 For if the pastor pardons every time,
 The fault is his, and not the scholar's crime !
 When in my youth, I once a *blunder* made,
 And for my folly I severely paid ;
 But I'm resolv'd by sad experience,
 Ne'er to be punish'd for the like offence.
 If e'er I pawn my liberty again,
 The lizard shall imbibe the liquid main ;
 And ships shall sail upon the verdant plain.

The

The church and brothel shall united be,
 The priest and lawyer shall likewise agree ;
 To preach and prosecute without a fee.
 The miller shall neglect to take his due ;
 Concupiscence shall quit the stinking stew ;
 And peace cohabit with the scolding shrew ;
 The sloven shall become a dupe to pride ;
 The sluggard shall his indolence deride ;
 And barren wombs be pleas'd and satisfy'd.
 Friendship and hatred shall possess one breast,
 Virtue and vice shall in one bosom rest ;
 And grief and sorrow glad the soul oppress.
 The bramble bush shall overtop the oak ;
 The bending reed the stately fir shall choke ;
 And rotten withes shall untam'd bullocks yoke.
 The fern for height shall far exceed the beech,
 The fennel shall the robust ash outreach,
 And sloes for sweetness shall excel the peach.
 The tamarind shall be distill'd for wine ;
 The box for brandy—for strong beer the vine ;
 And bilberries shall overload the pine.
 The wav'ring asp shall without motion stand ;
 The rush and reed shall leave the streamy strand,
 And figs shall grow upon the willow wand.

Tem-

**Tempests shall change the laurel's vivid hue ;
Cold frost and snow shall turn the ivy blue ;
And scorching heat shall the bay tree imbrue.
The stock-dove shall inhabit in the sea ;
The tortoise shall out of the ocean flee ;
And all the fishes spawn upon the tree.**

**The cart shall drag the horse—the plough
the ox ;**

**The goats and kidlings shall forsake the rocks ;
And meadows sweet affright the fleecy flocks.**

**The coney shall desert the sandy ground ;
The timid hare shall hunt the nimble hound ;
And reynard tremble at the lambkin's found.**

**The warbling linnet shall dismay the kite ;
The blackbird's notes shall put the hawk to
flight ; [night.**

**And the screech-owl shall shun the shades of
Th' illet'rate fop shall teach the prudent sage ;
The hoary head shall younger grow with age ;
And old wives cease to tell a fond adage.**

**The plumb-tree pipe shall blossom in the
spring ;**

**Hunger and cold shall make the beggar sing ;
And the dumb mutes shall make the vallies ring.**

The

The prisoner shall the proud prince assail ;
 Silence profound shall echo thro' the dale ;
 And ROTHLEY crags shall settle to a vale.
 Winter shall scorch the feather'd fowls that fly ;
 Repeated show'rs shall make the rills run dry ;
 And drops of rain destroy the finny fry.
 The mighty monarch shall the slave obey ;
 The sun shall sicken, and the moon decay ;
 And all the planets fade and pine away.
 The blind shall see, the brute creation soar ;
 The deaf shall hear, the silent victims roar ;
 And th' dumb shall speak, if e'er I marry
 more.



A DOLOROUS
E P I S T L E,
FROM
SIR WILLIAM WEARY,
KNIGHT OF THE BLUDGEON,
TO THE AUTHOR.

WHENE’ER I think upon the dire contrast,
’Twixt woful wedlock and the days
that’s past ;

I curse the *day*, on which I first resign’d
My joys, for grief, which now distracts my
mind :

Yet what cold cynic could resist the charms,
Dear to the eyes—but dearer to the arms !
Her genteel form did first my fancy move,
Her pleasing converse next inspired love ;

When

When I enjoy'd the fair one's company,
Her finish'd conduct animated me.

She was possesst of each endearing charm,
To soothe the soul, and cool affection warm ;
Agalia's beauty was not half so fair,
And *Thalia's* charms with her's could not
compare ;

Euphrosyne's sprightly mein could never vie,
With her fair features, and alluring eye !
In the fam'd Diaries *her* genius shone,
Rival'd by many, but excell'd by none ;—
When in her presence I transported sat,
Ravish'd with love, and her engaging chat,
To pass the time I on the viol play'd,
While she the favour with sweet songs repaid ;
But when she got the simple noddy ty'd,
She laid her love and kindness soon aside !
Too soon those charms, those pleasing charms
were o'er,

My fiddle's broken—it will ne'er charm more !
Now I am bound to an audacious wench,
Whose calid lust no mortal man can quench ;
Her lechery sinks deeper far than hell,
And soars too high for human tongue to tell !
Ere we'd been ten months married, she had,
The happiness to bring me forth a lad ;

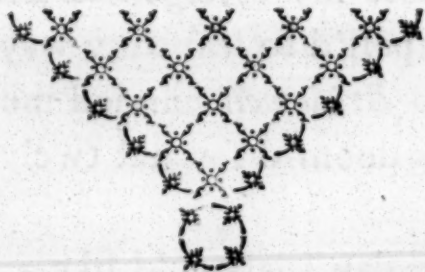
Ah! wretched me! the matrimonial band
 Produc'd another, ere the first could stand!
 But, strange to tell! she's never set her head
 Into the church, since that day we were wed!
 Oh! how shall I my misery express,
 She grows worse daily, and my comfort's less;
 If ever man had cause to curse and swear,
 'Tis surely me—my grief I cannot bear!
 'Tis scarce four years since I did take a wife,
 And three of them I've weary been of life.
 Oft have I wish'd (but wish'd in vain) I'd dy'd
 Upon *that fatal day*, when I was ty'd!
 She'll stare at me, when I dare hardly peep,
 And laugh aloud, when I am forc'd to weep!
 Her lavish living has consum'd my wealth,
 What I refus'd to give, she took by stealth;
 If she'll not mend, no other way I know,
 But take the poke, and off a begging go!
 My coat and waistcoat's torn—my breeches bare,
 My pockets empty—ne'er a penny there!
 And, to complete her base unkindness, brags,
 How she's brought me to poverty and rags!
 Oh! curse the hour I ty'd the nuptial knot;
 I first us'd good words—then a *bludgeon* got;
 But still the tyrant does more head-strong grow,
 I drub in vain—she values not the blow!

Well

Well may I drub, well may I rage and fret,
 I've lost my credit—and o'erhead in debt !
 And all my cautious creditors have said,
 They'll trust no more, 'till the *old scores*
 are paid !

There's not a paltry cadger in the town,
 But in their books, my name have blunder'd
 down,

Where I'm expos'd to ev'ry *partial* eye,
 And all that come into the shop to buy ;
 Then tost about, where'er the huckster will,
 Fixt on the shelf, or thrown upon the till.
 To whom ? alas ! to whom, but only thee,
 Must I for *succour* at this *crisis* flee ?



THE

D R E A M.

'TWAS when *Tacita* hush'd the noisy world,
And wrangling clamour into silence hurl'd,
I lay involv'd in sleep close by the side,
Of her I wish had never been my bride !
Methought into my cottage *Morpheus* came,
And me compell'd to leave my wayward dame ;
Straight unto *Bridewell* hurried me away,
Where I was doom'd for just twelve months to
stay.

There all the day I labour'd like a Turk,
And in the ev'ning when I left my work,
Upon the floor I instantly was chain'd,
And all the night beneath these bands remain'd :
But

But when the morning streak'd the eastern skies
 With red—I to my drudgery did rise.
 Whene'er my master call'd, I did obey,
 His precepts harsh I never did delay ;
 It was my duty, and my interest too.
 For to complete whate'er he bade me do.
 My meals, tho' small, with them I was content,
 I took with gladness what my mistress sent.
 Then hy'd to work as soon as I was done,
 And finished what I'd before begun.
 The time I spent with pleasure and delight,
 Yet drudg'd all day, and bore my chains at night.
 Methought, when in this pleasing dream I lay,
 I could for ever in the prison stay :
 I was content to stay there all my life,
 As I was far from *wedlock* and my *wife* ;
 The farther I was from the wanton shrew,
 The less of grief and wickedness I knew.
 The year was with great satisfaction spent ;
 For with my slav'ry I was well content.
 But oh ! the time ! the time too soon arriv'd,
 When I of peace and prison was depriv'd.
Bridewell's restraint I with much pleasure bore ;
 But *wedlock's* dam'd confinement I abhor.
 While there I staid, I was from *marriage* free,
 I had no freakish wife to trouble me ;

To

No wrath to shun, no fury to avoid,
 No woes to feel, but always peace enjoy'd ;
 No wiles to cheat, no strife for to appease ;
 No trull to plague, no termigant to please ;
 No jilt to soothe, no harlot me to mock,
 No prude to please, nor cradle for to rock.
 No whore to clothe, no lechery to heed,
 No wench to chide, no lawless brats to feed ;
 No threats to awe, no cries to stun my ear ;
 No frowns to dread, nor *bludgeons* for to fear.
 No lust to quench, no vicious deeds to vex ;
 No bawd to scold, no strumpet to perplex ;
 No harm to hurt, no mischief for to flee ;
 No jade to scorn, nor wife to cuckold me !
 Methought when I was forc'd to leave *Bridewell*,
 I was harrafs'd, beyond what tongue can tell ;
 For well I knew, that home I must return,
 To her alas ! that gave me cause to mourn :
 The thought of which did banish sleep away,
 And lo ! the *Cuckold* with the *strumpet* lay.

THE
SENSITIVE BED.

A SATIRE.

AH! happy me! while in yon shady wood,
Where winged warblers screen their callow
brood;

Whose dear, extatic, sweet, transporting notes,
Did echo sweetly through their little throats.

Behold! the blackbird in a neigh'ring bush,
Nestled her brood, whilst on my top the thrush
Extol'd his joys in a harmonious song;

My bending branches did protect from wrong,
His dear abode, and tender unfledg'd young!

Beneath my shelter oft the shepherd came,
Join'd hand in hand with his blithe rural dame;

H

Hard

Hard by my root they tun'd each others' praise,
 On plumb-tree pipes, in pleasant woodland lays !
 Thrice happy me ! while there I did reside,
 Mirth at my root—joy shone on ev'ry side ;
 But cruel, hapless, inauspicious fate,
 Has reft me from my comfortable state ;
 Curst be the man, who to my root did lay,
 The ruthless ax, that took my life away ;
 And curst be he who form'd me to a bed,
 A place where nought but lechery is fed !
 O may the flock from propagation cease,
 That yielded this alluring, filthy fleece ;
 Whereon are made blankets and woollen quilts,
 To hide the baseness of debauched jilts !
 May he die childless, who these curtains wove'
 (A screen for lust—a shade to sicken love)
 And leave no offspring to supply his place,
 To weave the shade of sorrow and disgrace !
 Oh ! may the poultry never gender more,
 That give their feathers to support a whore ;
 For on their down unthinking mortals lye,
 'Till coquettes base imbibe their lechery !
 Oh ! had the joiner form'd me for a load,
 To trudge along the dreary rugged road !
 Or had it pleas'd his pliant pow'rful arm,
 To fashion me to suffer greater harm,

I had

I had been happy,—but alas ! 'tis o'er,
 And I'm confin'd to what I most abhor !
 I'm with a *wolfish* wife destin'd to dwell,
 Constrain'd to act what I'm ashamed to tell !
 I'm oft a witness to her actions base,
 When the poor *Cuckold* is not near the place ;
 When he's from home, my cords are often
 broke,

And ty'd again, to hide the am'rous joke !
 My curtains are torn down, when he's abroad,
 And I stand trembling 'neath a moving load ;
 My quilt is sullied with the feet of *man*,
 When he's toiling for the *Virago's* clan !
 'Tis fifteen years since I new sheets did get,
 And ten years after that my coverlet ;
 Which is worn thread-bare, and the sheets,
 I trew,

Are little worse than when they were first new !
 Yet I have known the lewd, lascivious dame,
 Invent strange stratagems to hide her shame :
 When she imagin'd that her *husband* knew,
 That she unto his bed had prov'd untrue,
 With weeping eyes the *vile deluder* strove,
 To dupe the *Cuckold*, and regain his love !
 But when she knew that the poor dunce did see,
 She ne'er attempt to screen her knavery ;

If he reprov'd, the whore began to curse,
And threaten him, that she'd grow ten times
worse,

If he did her debauchery reveal—
Which made him oft her curst intrigues conceal!
He pardon'd and forgave a thousand times,
Her lustful course—still she renew'd her crimes!
Until at last the slave durst hardly speak,
For fear his head she'd with the *poker* break!
When he said least, she us'd him worst;—then
judge,

How the damn'd harlot did misuse the drudge!
If he by hap did to the tavern go,
To quaff a glass with any jovial beau;
At his return I've heard her him upbraid,
For staying long, while she the whore had play'd,
I'm oft surpriz'd how the dull drudge can be
Contented—in the midst of misery:
For o'er the fool she'll domineer and rail,
And spurn at him, if he neglect her tail!
To see his tears—to hear his sighs and moan,
'Twould pierce a Pagan—melt the heart of
stone;

For many tears are by the *husband* shed,
From he leaves work, until he goes to bed!

When

When he comes home at night she'll rant and
 leer,

And lo! the pedee dare not speak, for fear.

He should the *trollop's* fordid mind displease ;

He strives (but strives in vain) to live at ease.

If, by mishap, he doth the *trull* disgust,

He straight must try to quench her filthy lust :

If that successless prove, she'll make him rue ;

But *that* will please, when nothing else will do!

When he performs his duty well she's pleas'd,

But 'tis not oft the strumpets lust's appeas'd ;

Oh! how she'll cherish, foster, fan the flame,

When he is able to support her shame :

Methinks I see her hug him in her arms,

Suck out his senses, with her cursed charms !

But if, by surfeit, he should her neglect,

She turns her friendship into disrespect :

And thus the *humble husband* and his *wife*,

Consume their days in enmity and strife !

She gades about, and rambles where she will,

For well she knows there's none to take it ill :

And he's content to let the coquette roam,

He's always happy when she is from home.

When she returns she sometimes says she's sick,

But he speaks not, for fear he get a lick ;

Her

Her belly aches !—nought will the pain remove,
'Till his *best friend*—her best physician prove !
Her insolence soon made his youth decay,
His strength consum'd, his spirits pin'd away ;
For, be it known, the arbitration's just,
That he who's wed, will shortly come to dust !





BRITISH MUSEUM



A COUNTRY FAIR

A
S A T I R E.
O N
A C O U N T R Y F A I R.

WHEN fair *Aurora* chas'd away the night,
And *Sol's* refulgence shone with splendor
bright;

Unto a fair I did repair,

To see what pleasures would be there;

For by the Gods I was once more set free,
From the restraint that long obstructed me!

Ere nine o'clock I reach'd the wish'd for place,
And with a bumper did myself solace;

For being bent on sport, I went

And plac'd myself within a tent;

Where I with pleasure and delight could see,

All that did pass, or that repass'd by me.

At

At ten o'clock a blundering multitude,
 Of clowns and rustics to the hut did crowd ;
 A while I sat and heard them chat,
 And bluntly talk of this and that ;
 Then from the noisy pavillion I went,
 And found their absence yielded me content.

I walk'd about till it was almost noon,
 When with surprize I met a clumsy clown ;
 And with the same a sprightly dame,
 Unfit to quench the clodpate's flame ;
 For her *outside* all charms appear'd to me,
 But GOD knows what WITHIN the nymph
 might be !

He kifs'd and prefs'd, in an ill-manner'd way,
 And his coarse fingers on her breast did lay ;
 I laugh'd good speed, to see the deed,
 And the unganely dunce proceed ;
 With his unpolish'd, aukward, dull address ;
 Which met with favour, kindness and success !

Away the bulkey, uninstructed clown,
 Did lead the little charmer round the town ;
 To hear them talk, to see them walk—
 How she did strut, and he did stalk,
 'Twould change sad sorrow into joy and mirth,
 To think *nature* should give their passions birth !

This

'This comic couple scarce were gone 'till there
Appear'd another disproportionate pair ;

The girl was tall, and grofs withal,

The man was short, and very small ;

My wistful eyes and list'ning ears were bid,
To hear and see whate'er this couple did.

My eyes beheld the huge, unshapely frow,

My ears did hearken the effem'nate beau ;

Whose impudence, and want of sense

Pow'rfully pleaded his defence ;

And taught the strapping, stout, overgrown dame,

To meet with joy the little *skipjack's* flame.

Then afterward I went into an inn,

Where there was nought but nonsense, noise
and din ;

For ev'ry voice, seem'd to rejoice,

And fill the house with noxious noise,

The fiddler's play'd—the dancers ply'd their feet,

Which made their pliant backs and bellies sweat.

It was not long ere I a rustic 'spy'd,

With a young *Venus* sitting by his side ;

He pray'd and whin'd, she would be kind,

And ease his discomposed mind :

He was so ravish'd with his dearest joy,

That he must sicken if the jilt prov'd coy.

I

She

She feign'd, at first his flame to disapprove,
 Because she found him transported with love ;
 Just like her sex, who love to vex,
 And deep enamour'd fools perplex ;
 When they behold a silly simple swain,
 Languish with love—with coolness they disdain!
 But when she found that the dunce was betray'd,
 She prob'd the wound which her fair features
 made ;
 Her insolence grew kind at once,
 No longer teaz'd him with pretence ;
 For when she knew that she had gain'd her end,
 The jilting coquette soon did condescend !

 Just at my elbow sat a rural dame,
 Whose impudence could not conceal her flame ;
 She often try'd her love to hide,
 And blind the *humdrum* at her side,
 Who seem'd to be enchanted with each grace,
 Of the seducer's fair bewitching face !

 Near to this pair another couple sat,
 Spending their time with dull, insipid chat ;
 The man was old, his courage cold,
 The girl was young, sprightly and bold ;
 An unfit match as man could wish to see,
 God pity him, if e'er they married be !

At

At my right hand there sat an *aged maid*,
 Whose looks were sedate, and her conduct staid.
 I saw she sigh'd, for to be ty'd,
 Unto a youngster by her side ;
 By her stale converse he was fob'd and fed,
 But LORD help him if he with her should wed!

A poor, successless, hapless, hopeless band
 Of luckless females, on the staves did stand ;
 This forlorn clan, try'd ev'ry plan,
 For to ensnare, or *purchase* man ;
 Dejected and depressed they seem'd to be ;
 For none regarded them, that I could see !

At last the Waiter came, and told the crew,
 Dinner was ready—and away they flew,
 Unto the place—like stags in chace,
 Their craving stomachs to solace ;
 Without remorse each rude, rustical clown,
 Did slash and hue both boil'd and roasted down !

The pies and puddings on the tables stood,
 Trembling like asps, in trepid, fearful mood ;
 But suddenly, each stately pie,
 Was doom'd upon the plate to lie ;
 The puddings too, were from their posture rest,
 And scarce a sample of the whole was left !

What pass'd at dinner, I must not reveal,
I'll their curst conduct from the world conceal ;

It is a shame, for me to name,
The base behaviour of each dame,
With what voracity they did begin,
Tho' there was none that did invite them in !

When dinner ended, they renew'd the game,
Each frenetic booby singled out his dame ;
But I went out, and left the rout,
I was sick to see them jump about,
With such an awkward, clumsy, clownish air ;
The men ill-manner'd—unpolite the fair !

From thence unto the next ale-house I went,
Where I the afternoon in pleasure spent ;
For I was glad, to see each lad,
And last dance—as if they'd been mad ;
'Cause more elegant they were than my mess-
mates,

Who lick'd the trenchers, and cleansed the plates !

The first thing that engag'd my notice here,
Was a young *coxcomb* caressing his *dear*,
She first seem'd shy, but presently,
He taught the damsel to comply,
With powerful protestations the fop swore,
That he *must* love her—all her frame adore !

Hard

Hard by these lovers sat a tall young man,
 Of visage meagre, slender, pale and wan;
 Who felt the smart of *Cupid's* dart,
 Thrill thro' his bosom, breast and heart;
 And the dear creature that did him inflame,
 Was a young, lusty, stout, well-favour'd dame!

Near to the window I a dwarf did see,
 And a tall female plac'd upon his knee;
 He seem'd to prize the thing that lies,
 Between the charming virgin's thighs;
 For constantly the *minikin* did clap
 His feeble fingers on his lover's lap!

Behind my back there stood a curtain bed,
 Wherein a lovely, loving pair were laid:
 The swain oft pray'd, the charming *maid*,
 Would condescend to sheathe his *blade*;
 She blush'd—she smil'd—then with a *modest*
 grace,
 She told the fool, 'twas an *improper* place!

At five o'clock a dreadful noise broke loose,
 And fill'd with cursed clamour all the house;
 The women scream'd, the men blasphem'd,
 And all the room disorder'd seem'd!
 Yet I knew not the reason of the din,
 Until I saw two men stript to the skin.

Like

Like two brute beasts these frenetic ruffians stood,
 Bedaub'd besmear'd, and plaistered with blood;
 A sad disgrace to Adam's race,
 Black eyes,—blue lips, and swollen face ;
 And for the sake of a deluding jilt,
 Who caus'd the fray, and made their blood be
 spilt !

But such a scuffle I ne'er saw before,
 Both nose and mouth were stopt with clotted
 gore ;
 Their heads were lam'd—their bodies
 maim'd,
 Their brutal conduct, me ashamed ;
 For ere the *fight* was done, I came away,
 And left the slovens in a bloody fray !

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F I N I S.

